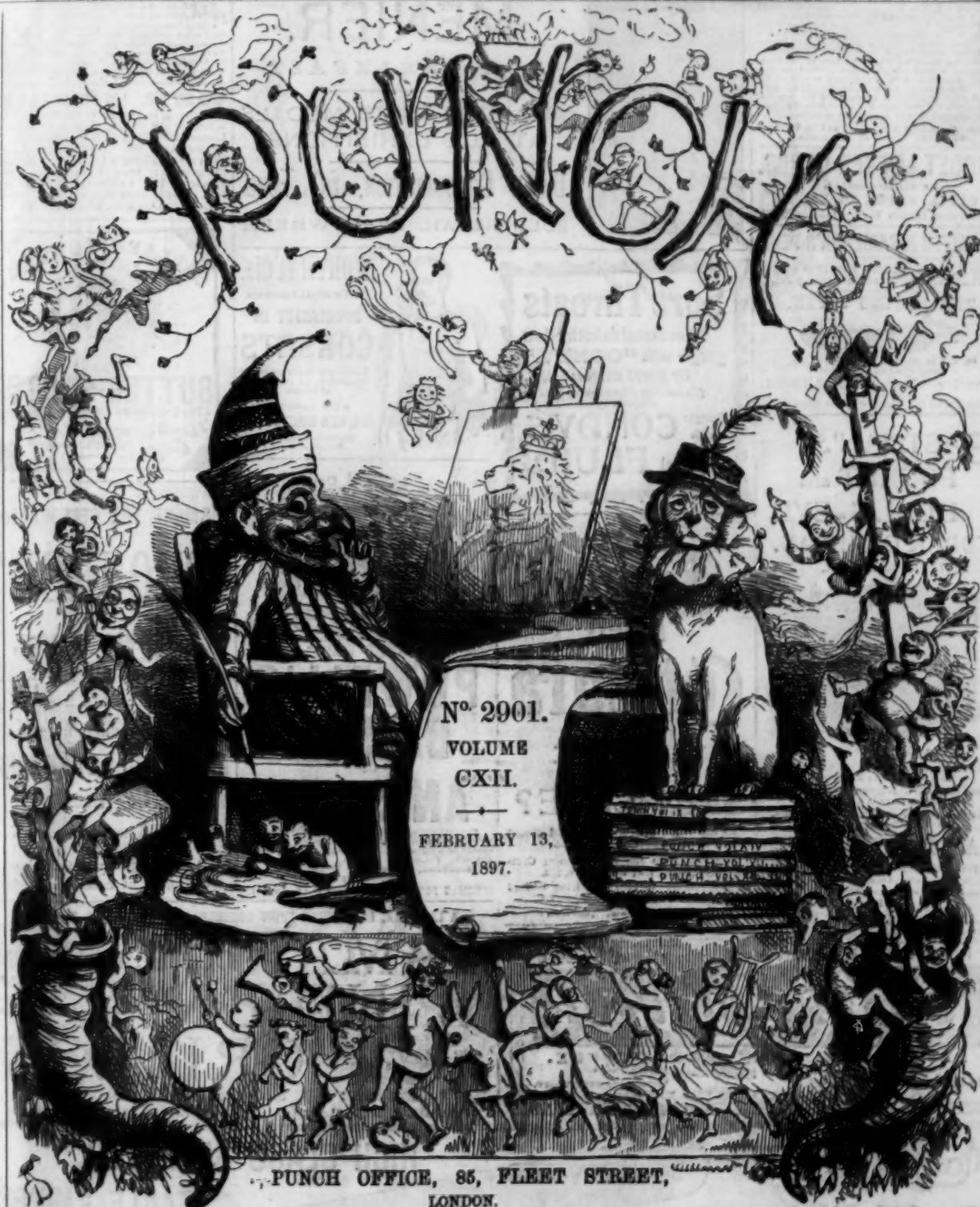


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THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

Comely Housemaid. "NONE FOR YOU, MRS."
 Daughter of the House. "BUT—WHY—WHO ARE ALL THOSE FOR, THEN?"
 Comely Housemaid. "ME, MISS!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—In continuing my researches in the City, after to have passed the dragon of pantomime at the entry, I desire to visit the Bank of England. I have already seen the exterior several times. He is not beautiful; he has the air of a prison. Evidently for to admire the Bank of England he must to visit the interior.

In face the Bank one sees the palace of the Lord Maire. It is a palace enough sad, *noir et morne*, and absolutely without garden. One time I have asked myself how the Lord Maire and Madame la Lord Mairesse—how says one her title?—can to walk themselves. It is impossible in the streets so encumbered of persons. What world! What noise! What movement! I thought that, perhaps, the Lord Maire exercises himself to make the "box" in one of the saloons. But, *comme ça*, as that, he would respire but the air of a room. For an English he must absolutely to exercise himself in full air. In passing the palace for to arrive at the Bank of England, I ask myself again that which he does.

I descend from the "handsome cab," I enter the court of the Bank, and suddenly I find the response to this enigma. See there that mister so respectable, so full of dignity, dressed in magnificent robes of scarlet and of gold, and carrying on the head a *chapeau à cornes*, a hat to horns! It is him! I say to myself, "*Tiens, AUGUSTE mon cher, tu as de la chance, voilà le Lord Maire qui se promène en grande tenue!*" In fine I comprehend, by blue! The Lord Maire has not of garden. Therefore he is obliged of to walk himself in the court of the Bank. *C'est dommage*, it is damage that Madame la Lord Mairesse accompanies him not to-day. Eh well, I have seen the Lord Maire! He has the figure very amiable, the beard grey and a little long, and he has at the least six feet of height. I per-

ceive that he salutes gravely several misters who enter. It is astonishing that they return his salute so coldly. Even they lift not the hat. See there the pride of the great financiers, of the high bank, in the City! They are equals of the Lord Maire. They are proud as the Senators of Venice, as the Grands of Spain.

I ought to say that I rest during these some instants a little hidden under the arch of entry. Truly I am suchly astonished and interested that I think not, for the moment, that it is impolite that of to regard thus the most great man of London. I hope that he has not perceived me. I think to retire myself discreetly, when I meet the benevolent regard of the Lord Maire. I lift respectfully my hat high form. Him also he lifts the hat, and then he asks very graciously that which I desire. Ah, the good occasion! I respond to him, "Milord, if that can himself I would wish well to visit the interior of the Bank." He says that for that a stranger must be presented to the directors by some person of their acquaintance, but that I can to visit the court, the three offices around, and the garden. The garden! Ah, *voilà enfin le jardin du Lord Maire!* I thank him infinitely of his gracious amiability, I visit the droll of garden, absolutely black, with two melancholy trees, and some shrubs all *fétris*, and then I go to search a mister of my acquaintance, without doubt very well known of the directors, who will have perhaps the goodness of to present me.

He is very amiable, and of a charming politeness. Himself he accompanies me to the Bank, where he shows me the grand saloon and the library. This last is small, and resembles a little to a cellar. Then we visit the printery—*imprimerie*—the cellars of the bullion, the "weighing machines," and the room where the gold and the notes of bank are amassed. Ah heaven, what riches! Enormously of gold! *Partout* we are received by some very polite misters, who show to me all these things with a courtesy of which I am extremely recognising. In this last room they show to me a packet of notes of bank, representing one million of pounds sterling. I hold him for an instant. It is a quite little packet, which one could send by the "Parcel Post" for four pennies and half. They take him from a quite little cupboard, filled of notes of thousand pounds; a little cupboard of which the contents represents more than all the riches of Johannesburg! My faith, it is astonishing! I am almost *bouleversé* by the idea of riches so enormous!

Then we quit the Bank. In traversing the court we encounter the Lord Maire, who salutes my friend, but this last makes but a little sign of head, a nod. "How," I say to him, "you other Londonians are so proud that you return not even the salute of your Lord Maire?" "The Lord Maire," responds my friend, "where is he? I don't see him." "There," I say, "in robes of gala, he has saluted you." My friend *éclate de rire*, and laughs so much that he can not to respond to me. In fine he becomes more calm, and then he says, "That's not the Lord Maire, that's the porter of the Bank."

Oh la la! *Je me suis trompé. Mais quelle Banque, avec un concierge comme ça!* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

"WHY RUIN THE GUARDS?"

(Echoes from the Service Clubs.)

From "The Rag." Because somebody must go to Gib. Because why should the Household Brigade be better off than the Line? Because favouritism is prejudicial to the interests of the service. Because one fellow is as good as another fellow, and that sort of thing. Because "side" is bad form. Because the fuss about it is all "jolly rot."

From "The Junior."—Because after all it is not so bad as it seems. Because you can get decent hunting round the Rock. Because if you want big game there's plenty of it over the way in Africa. Because with leave and luck you can have, now and again, a successful flutter at Monte Carlo. Because what's the odds so long as you are happy.

From "708, Pall Mall."—When it will unsteady the men. When the discipline has been first-rate, and no one wants to send them to Bermuda. When there are no facilities for manoeuvring and musketry at Gib. When the Household Brigade is the pride of London and Windsor. When the Birthday Parade is about the best function of the season. When the seven battalions are prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice, barring Gib. When sentry-go is already so unpopular, and there's any amount of that sort of thing on the Rock. When it endangers the safety of the nation, and—but this is quite an afterthought—unsettles everybody's domestic arrangements.

From "The Senior."—Because the Government wouldn't have dared to do it, Sir, if they had known anyone was looking. Because the Service is going to the dogs—and the monkeys at Gib.



THE EXILE FROM MAYFAIR.

Exiled Guardsmen (at "Gib."). "AW—LET ME SEE. DO I KNOW ANY OF YOUR PEOPLE?"
 [On Thursday night it was announced by Lord LANSDOWNE in the House of Lords that three battalions of the Guards shall be stationed at Gibraltar. One battalion will be sent out this year.]
 ["The Barbary ape . . . has become naturalised on the rock of Gibraltar."—*Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History."*]



NOLENS VOLENS.

Sportsman (who has mounted Friend). "THAT'S RIGHT, JACK. BANG HIM AT IT! A GOOD FALL OVER TIMBER WILL ROBER THE BRUTE DOWN!"

THE ART OF REVIEWING.

(See the "Westminster Gazette.")

SOME FURTHER POINTS OF VIEW.

THE LOCAL BUTTERMAN'S.

I REGRET to say that a grate amount of perfunctryness prevales in our ighclass Trade journals with regard to the practise of Reviewing. Vast quantitys of valuable Litratue never gets any reconition at all at the ands of our most Esteemed Critics—I refer to the Gentlemen as conducts the Litrary Columns of such Infential organs as *The Aylesbury Butterfly*, *The Margarine Makerweight*, and *The Thames Mudlark*. Praps it is because our most Promising Clients in the Departments of Fixon and Potry fale to submitt their hord'uevres for notis in the Proper Quorter. Anyway, I regly peroose these Intrasting Periodicals evry Sat-day nite, and I never see the sliteest elusion to the reelly Important fechures of a Book namely the Qolity and Tecksture of the Paper and the Natur of the Ink employd. I do think more atention shud be payd to these Pints. Many and many a edition would go off like ot cakes in the leading Butter Cercles if adequit mention was made of these Particlars. As it is, it is ony by a long corse of Tryal and repeted Falures that I ave been abel to discover who are our likeliest young novlists and Minor Potes from a Perfessional Pint of Vew. I ope these slite inta may bare Frute, and awating your Further Estemed Orders,

Yours obedtly,

A. CREMER.

A VICTIM'S.

I have just had forwarded me (by a considerate Press-Cutting Agency) an impertinent and wholly undeserved notice in the *Literary Tomahawk* of the masterpiece to which I have devoted the best years of my boyhood, viz., a little volume of lyrics, entitled, *Duckweed Ditties*, which all my acquaintances in Peckham describe as the most characteristic and astonishing thing I have ever done. I understand that there is a strike at Lord PENRYN'S Slate Quarries (I never read the vulgar daily papers), and I would suggest that all reviewers be invited forthwith to fill up the gaps at that excellent institution, where they would doubtless find congenial and remunerative employment.

ANOTHER SUFFERER'S.

I consider I have been treated scandalously by the reviewers, I am a lady novelist, an exponent of the "literature of the lower self," and my living depends on the denunciatory critiques I get. Well, would you believe it, my last and finest analysis of the illicit passions, *A Human Fungus*, has never had a single line of notice at all. It is bad enough to be praised by our indolent fiction-tasters, but when it comes to being silently ignored, I think I had better give up writing altogether and take to district-visiting.

MISS IDA FALUTING.

Reviewers? There are no such persons! I have wiped them out of existence. There were individuals who dared to attribute want of taste, lack of humour and bad grammar to my productions, but I abolished them in my latest masterpiece.

UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!

(A Cry from St. Pancras.)

[The St. Pancras Vestry have decided that the streets of that parish are in "a dirty and neglected condition on the Sabbath day."]

Is "cleanliness be next to godliness?"

The City, sure, should be well-washed on Sunday!

But need immunity from muck and mess

Be even narrowed to a weekly one day?

Are sludge, and slime, and slop the secular doom

Of the great Matebolgs we call London?

Must we add daily dirt to nightly gloom?

Cleansing of streets have cities more than one done.

Paris is clean, why not St. Pancras, then?

And every other parish in our city?

We have no lack of water, brooms,—or men

Eager for any labour, more's the pity!

Turn all hands on to sweep and scrape and squirt

Our dreary, weary City of Dreadful Dirt!

POLITICAL SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—By the crew of H.M.S. Premier, Mr. SAM. WOODS, M.P., is looked upon as a Waltham-stowaway.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VIII.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Theatrical and Musical Recollections* of Miss EMILY SOLDENE (Mrs. POWELL) will interest and amuse all who care anything either about music-hall matters or the introduction of Offenbachian opera-bouffe to the London stage. Opera bouffe came in just as that form of burlesque in one act and five scenes, which had succeeded to the extravaganza in scenes and acts, was moribund. With this novelty up went the price of production, and soon afterwards up went the price of seats in the auditorium. Genuine opera-bouffe at its best ceased to exist with OFFENBACH. HERVE and others were only of the Offenbachian school.

The charm of Miss SOLDENE's narrative is her simplicity of style. Like the heathen Chinese, she is "childlike and bland." She is so thoroughly Bohemian, telling so much, and yet leaving just so much more to be understood as can be conveyed in a wink and a nod, expressed by a sudden hiatus in the narrative. The Baron, who never had the pleasure of the lady's personal acquaintance, but who remembers her as *Drogan* in *Genevieve de Brabant* at the Philharmonic, wonders how certain exalted and generally superior personages, nowadays ("at their time o' life," as HERBERT CAMPBELL sings), like seeing the records of their bygone behind-the-scenes days? The pretty little anecdote at p. 137 is one of the instances of the Writer's "I-could-an'-if-I-would" style. Unless Miss SOLDENE were present on the occasion, on what authority is she enabled so graphically to describe the attitude and action of a certain exalted personage during his visit to the dressing-room of Mr. DION BOUCICAULT? However, taken as a whole, the reminiscences are good light reading, as the dry business details can be skipped, and if Miss SOLDENE has "more where these came from," there can be no doubt that her publishers will be "Downey" enough to secure her next book for the general benefit.

"Methinks," quoth one of the Baron's Baronites, "this is the very best number of the *Yellow Book* that I can remember. Miss ALINE SZOLD's sketches are charming. This figure of 'Grief' is positively sobbing, and these trees, 'spectral willows, half-asleep,' are the very 'Children of the Mist' of which Miss ROSAMUND WATSON sings. Whatever be your mood, you will find something to suit it. If you would be grave, read Mr. WILLIAM WATSON's 'Lost Eden.' If you would be gay, look at 'My Note-Book in the Weald,' and I promise you Miss DEWIE's waiter will move you to merriment. If you are neither for tears wholly, nor for laughter, but for that April mood when sunshine and rain make rainbows in the sky, turn to the end of the volume and read the 'Prose Fancies' of Mr. LE GALLIENNE. They are prosy in nothing but the title. There are many other dainty morsels," remarked the Baronite. "For Mine Host of the Bodley Head has spread us a goodly feast. I cannot tell you the flavour of every dish on the table, but I can at least tell you where to dine." THE BARON.

FORTIFIED LONDON.

(By a Nervous Prophet.)

GLAD to read in the papers that at last all the defences of London are completed. Feel safe now from foreign invasion. KAISER, KRUGER & Co. are such untrustworthy people. What is that crowd outside? Why there's a cannon in the street! Suppose it burst? A cannon, indeed! Such a thing ought only to be in a large open space. Dean's Yard, for instance. But this is no time for idle jesting. Must go at once to Athenaeum, and write a letter to the *Times*.

Leave by back door into mews to avoid cannon. Shells piled in mews. Get into Piccadilly. Notice on railings of Green Park, "Beware of Explosive Mines!" Retire hastily into Curzon Street and work eastward along back streets. Reach passage under Devonshire House garden. It is inscribed, "Closed for Storage of Nitro-Glycerine." Get round by Berkeley Square into Bond Street. Hope no projectiles will be flying through the air. Put up umbrella. Good idea, walk down Burlington Arcade. Paving there covered with boards. Notice up at entrance, "Tread lightly to avoid exploding Dynamite beneath." Leave hurriedly, and endeavour to get into Regent Street. Find narrow pass of Vigo Street blocked with earth-work and cannon. Retreat to Bond Street and get into Piccadilly. Another battery of artillery commanding the slope of St. James's Street. Observe that all the omnibuses have been arranged to carry one Maxim gun outside. Avoid cannon, go down Bury Street, and at last reach Athenaeum.

Hurry inside, and fall over heap of sandbags. Get up, somewhat shaken, and then discover five bishops and a judge assisting in the removal of these bags to the roof. One of them hastily tells me that the club is being made quite safe, the roof being arranged for guns and the wine-cellar filled with barrels of powder. Bless me, how horrible!

Get home somehow. Must arrange to live in the peaceful republic of Andorra. Monaco no good; there is an army there.

Change for a Tenor.

"At the London Bankruptcy Court the failure was announced of JOHN SIMS REEVES, professional vocalist."—*Daily Graphic*, Feb. 2.]

'Tis true, 'tis pity! Poor SIMS REEVES! O how
Can he be left without a single stiver?
For he himself's a "tenner." Even now
Worth two good notes, and yet—without a fiver!

Echo Answers.

Voice (from the American Senate). What shall we do the friends of Peace to gratify?

Echo (from all well-disposed persons everywhere).

Ratify!

Voice. What to her cause are Anti-Arbitrators?

Traitors!

Echo.

Clear as Mud.

AFTER the somewhat "too previous" fashion of the day, it is solemnly and ceremoniously announced that "MR. HENRY JAMES has finished another complete story." Now that is what we call a thoroughly satisfactory—in fact a "finished and complete"—statement. If the story were said to be finished without being complete, or even complete without being finished, now, there might be room for doubt or uncertainty. But since it is both finished and complete, what can the public want more—save (perhaps) the story itself?



BY TRAM TO THE PYRAMIDS.

(And, let us hope, in the above style.)

["The Government has granted a concession to the Cairo Tramways Company to make a line to the Pyramids, and also to fill up the Khalig Canal running through Cairo, and construct a line over it. The latter scheme will be a great sanitary improvement, as it will remove one of the causes of malarial fevers."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE NEW HARDY NORSEMAN.

(Nansenesque Version.)

["One dear old lady wrote to Sir GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, begging him to come to tea one day this week, and bring Dr. NANSEN with him, 'and,' she added, 'I will arrange for some appropriate people to meet him.'"]—*Daily News*.]

THE hardy Norseman's house of jore

Was on the foaming wave;
He would have deemed "at homes" a bore

Vikings dared not to brave.
But now, though gallant, grim and game
To front the frozen sea;
He finds one penalty of fame
Is—going out to tea!

The Norseman is more valiant now
Than he was wont to be.

A "Five o'Clock" pales not his brow,
Muffins ne'er make him flee!
Old scalds might hymn old heroes' fame,
But when did Sagas see

The Norseman crown a noble name
By—going out to tea?

A six-foot HAROLD FAIRHAIR stout
Is he, late of the *Fram*.

His soft blue eyes will smile, no doubt,
On many a social sham.

To burrow in a wolf-skin bag

At sixty below zero,
Was naught to him; but will he flag
When made a Mayfair hero?

Never depressed by loneliness

In the long Arctic night,

How will he stand the social stress

Of *soirée*, crush, tea-fight?

Will lecturing to our learned nob

And beauteous dames, all soul,

Be ranked by him as tougher jobs

Than struggling toward the Pole?

NANSEN, brave boy, may you enjoy

Your Babylonian boom;

And never when swell plaudits cloy

Regret your Arctic gloom.

Never, half sick of social stir,

And fashionable flam,

Long for far Arctic frost and fur

Aboard your ice-bound *Fram*.

Booms, hardy Norseman, sometimes

bore,

And lionising irks.

Yet NANSEN, you will doubtless score;

And won't it sell your works?

Here's health, wealth, fame, O, Norseman game!

Love, Luck, and £ s. d. !
May Leo not get trim and tame,
Through too much toast and tea!

"TO ARMS!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know that you are, among countless other callings, a Man-at-Arms, a genial Octopus surrounding all Humanity, therefore I venture to ask this profound question: What do you do with your Arms, when you go to bed? I speak as a sufferer, and one, I am sure, representing Millions of fellow-sympathisers. Let me illustrate our common case. I suppose that we all retire to our ouch to go to sleep, therefore, let me summarise how the Arms interfere with this laudable intention, as illustrated by the following table (taking "You" to be "We").

1. You lie on your back, hands crossed after the fashion of a Crusader on a tombstone. *Result*.—Pins and needles and change of position.

2. You shift over to the right side; right arm mutely quiescent, left arm indignantly dependent. *Result*.—Back position again.

3. You shift over to the left side: left arm mutely quiescent, right arm indignantly dependent. *Result*.—Back position again.

4. In opposition to this armed interference with your rest you place both hands beneath your head. *Result*.—Rush of blood to the head, and energetic protest of legs and feet.

5. You turn your face to the pillow. *Result*.—Suffocation and snoring. Arms still obdurate.

6. You cross your arms as if engaged in a hornpipe, and roll about like a water-logged ship. *Result*.—Concussion of elbows with ironwork of bedstead, and a desire to clasp your knees or pummel the wall.

7. Again trying the back position you lay your arms straight down by your sides. *Result*.—Dyspeptic sleep and waking nightmares.

8. *Total Result*.—Nox, et praterea nihil.

In this *précis* I fancy that Lord SALISBURY himself would not disavow my capability, but à *quoi bon*? My slumbers would be still prevented by the horrible interference of those members which are as ob-

trusive and as useless as are several National representatives at Westminster. If you could only suggest a plan for discarding my Arms—which have nothing to do with Mr. HARDINGE GIFFARD's Armorial Club—I should be nightly obliged,

Yours in fear of the pillow-ry,
REGINALD RETOREX.

Morpheus Club, W.

[We can only suggest that our Correspondent should hang his arms on the bed-post before putting on his pyjamas. There would be no 'arm in the experiment.—Ed.]

Twin Titans.

(On the announced amalgamation of the two great gun-making firms of Armstrong and Whitworth. By a Patriotic Unionist.)

ARMSTRONG plus WHITWORTH

Must be a good bit worth.

WHITWORTH plus ARMSTRONG!

There does seem a charm strong

In such combination

Of Titans! Elation

Through old England runs,

Seeing two such great guns

United at length.

Such union is strength!!!

At Southampton West (Low Tide).

Master Harry. Is this the place, Daddy, where King CANUTE ordered the sea to go back?

Father (deep in paper). Yes—of course.

Master Harry (pointing to acres of mud). And look how well it has obeyed him ever since.

Just Off—the Bourse.

Stockbroker (to Client, who has been pretty well loaded with certain scrip). Well, it just comes to this. Are you prepared to go the whole hog or none?

Client (timidly). I think I'd rather go the none.

A Scientific Nursery Definition.

Little Algy Muffin. What's the meaning of bric-a-brac, that Mamma was talking about to Colonel Crumpet?

Little Chris Crumpet. Those things we mustn't play bricks with, a-fear we'll break them.



Howard Patridge fecit.

A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.

"WELL, MR. SOFTLEY, DID YOU REVENGE YOURSELF ON ALGY SINCE THAT QUARREL YOU HAD WITH HIM?"

"YES, INDEED. I ORDERED MY MAN TO BE WUDE TO HIS MAN WHEN HE MEETS HIM."

ACADEMIC DISCUSSION.

(Extracted from a Newspaper of a future date, when our own Undergraduates have followed the example recently set them at the Universities of Athens and Moscow.)

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Cambridge, Monday.

I REGRET to say that an incident occurred in one of the Trinity lecture-rooms this morning, which is likely to cause a fresh disturbance here. Professor SAWDUST, in his translation of a passage of THUCYDIDES, pointed out that the standard of courage amongst young men had been greatly lowered since the days of ancient

Greece. The class unanimously regarded these strictures as a deliberate insult to themselves, and they at once knocked the Professor down, and left the room. Subsequently a general meeting of the undergraduates was held, and an ultimatum was despatched to the master of the college, demanding a full apology and ten barrels of audit ale by way of compensation. The reply of the master has not been received up to the present, but if it be unfavourable, an outbreak of hostilities will certainly follow. Machine-guns already are being placed in those windows of the college which overlook the street.

Later.

No answer having been received, war has

been declared. Most of the Dons succeeded in making their escape over the river, but the Senior Dean, the Head-Porter, and a couple of bedmakers (who are suspected of being spies) are now imprisoned in the Buttery. The college is in a state of seige, and the Senate has been sitting for several hours to consider the situation. Reinforcements from Clare and Magdalene are said to be coming to the assistance of Trinity; but St. John's sides strongly with the professor, and their men have announced their intention of taking Trinity by storm to-morrow.

Tuesday.

Trinity is still untaken. One or two sorties occurred in the night, and seventy or eighty townsmen were shot, but no fighting of any real importance took place. There is great excitement at Nownham, where, despite the prohibition of the authorities, a mass meeting of students was held, which passed a resolution of sympathy with the Trinity rebels. Many ladies from the college have announced their intention of nursing the wounded.

Later.

Fighting became general this afternoon, and scenes of terrible carnage took place. A body of Indian students, in native undress, attempted to join in the fray, but were quickly dispersed with the help of a fire-engine. Mr. OSCAR BROWNING superintended a skilful attack made by a body of King's men upon Dr. JACKSON'S light infantry. His manoeuvres, I am informed, were based upon a scheme communicated by the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is rumoured that a strong force from Oxford has started by train in order to take part in the rising.

Wednesday.

Hostilities have suddenly come to an end. Thanks to the vigilance of the besiegers, the supplies of the Trinity garrison were entirely cut off. When it was discovered this morning that the whole stock of marmalade was exhausted, negotiations for a truce were at once begun. Six of their leaders met six Fellows of the college in conference in the market-place, and, after some difficulty, a peace honourable to both sides was signed. Professor SAWDUST is to lecture no more for three years, and the undergraduates approval is to be obtained for the appointment of his successor. A first-class in the Tripos is to be awarded to all the men of Trinity and their allies who showed conspicuous valour during the recent engagement. On the other hand, any undergraduate shooting a Don without sufficient cause is to be liable to be fined by the Proctors, and the prisoners are to be released with a caution.

The conclusion of peace has caused general rejoicing, and great festivities will take place to-night. An ox will be roasted whole in the great court of Trinity, and the fountain will flow with Château Lafitte.

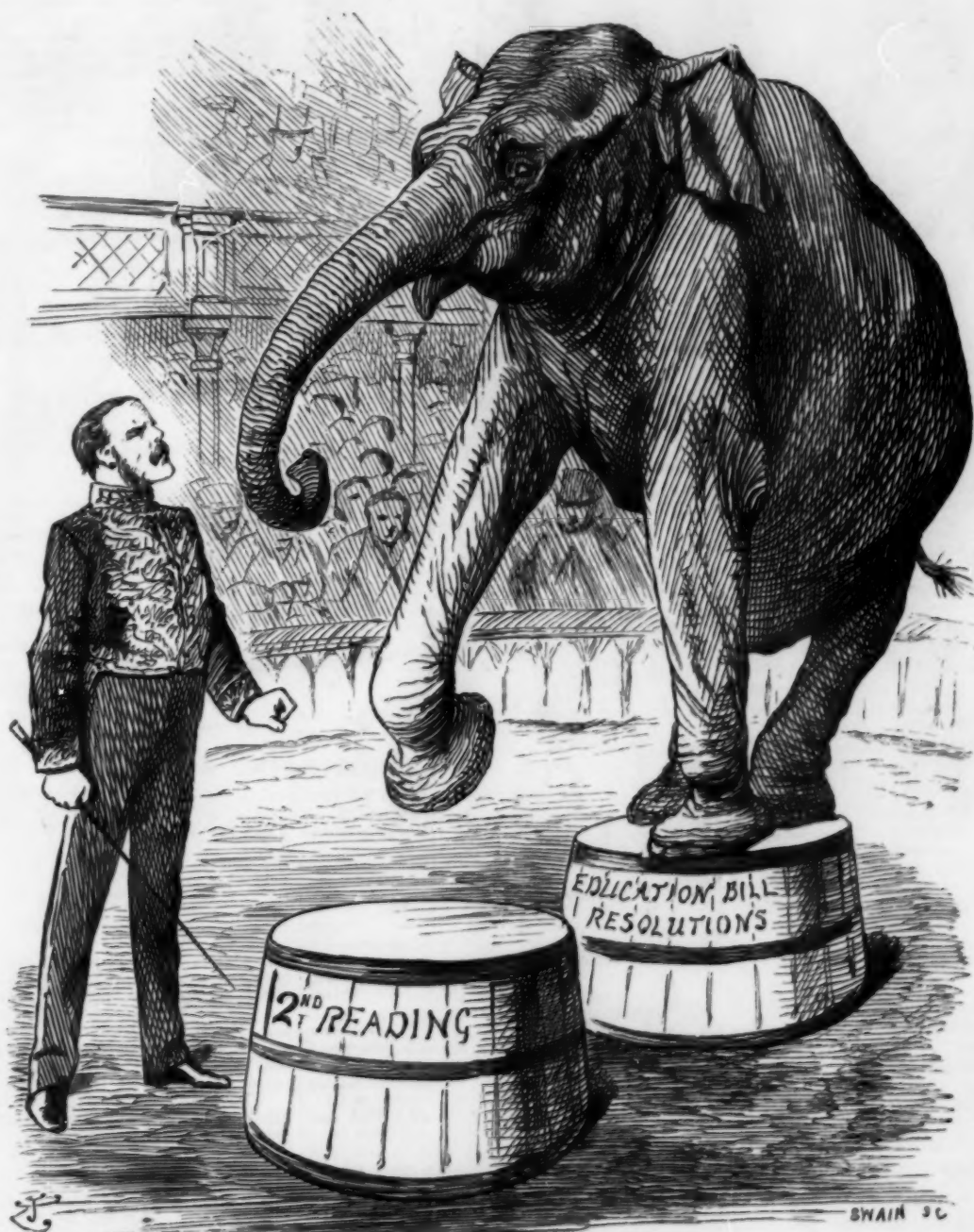
The Henemy.

[Egga, the riverside stronghold of the Foulahs, has been destroyed as a precautionary measure.]

THE NIGER Expedition appears to be properly conducted. The proper way to disperse the "Foulah" army obviously being to destroy their "Egga."

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (it is hoped now finally incarcerated).—

Q. What is the cheapest kind of a yacht?
A. A paper-cutter.



THE ELEPHANTINE MAJORITY.

ARTHUR BLAIR (Ringmaster of the Westminster Circus). "HOPE HE'S NOT GOING TO TURN NASTY. HE'LL SPOIL THE WHOLE SHOW."



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HIS LITTLE DODGE.

First Hunting Man (having observed the ticket with "K" on it in his friend's hat). "I DIDN'T KNOW THAT OLD GEE OF YOURS WAS A KICKER. HE LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH."

Second Hunting Man. "WELL, HE ISN'T REALLY. I ONLY WEAR THE 'K' TO MAKE PEOPLE GIVE ME MORE ROOM!"

UNMUZZLED.

(Page from a Bad Dog's Diary.)

WELL, they have taken it off at last! Not a moment too soon. However, all my practice has been for nothing. In a few days, I am sure I could have worked my mouth out, and then my friend the butcher boy would have had a lively time of it. I'll teach him to whistle at me! The scoundrel! But I said a time would come! And it has!

Ah! there's the tabby from No. 23. I rush at her. She waits calmly for me, thinking me muzzled. Unfortunately she discovers her mistake just as I get up to her, and hurries down an area. Rude brute! Swearing at the L. C. C. for doing an act of justice and mercy. Well, cats will swear at anything. Sorry I couldn't give her a nip for the sake of auld lang syne. Still, not nearly such good sport as the butcher boy. He's the lad for my money. I'll teach him to make grimaces at me! He'll be a great deal politer now that I can express my sentiments in the customary manner. Or if he isn't, I'll teach him.

The postman! Have a good bark at

him. Daren't go near him, as I know his boots. They are clumsy things, and hurt awfully. But he can't do anything to me if I keep out of his reach and bark. He's very angry, as my noise stops his chat with the housemaid who is doing the steps at No. 34. I don't care. If he dawdles much longer, my barking will attract my owner's attention. And then he will write to the Postmaster-General, or the papers, or something. So for his own sake, he'd better be civil.

Here comes a policeman. Wag my tail. Not that I like him, only it's always best to be conciliatory to the powers that be. If it hadn't been for my coaxing ways I should never have been allowed out without my muzzle. My owner said he knew I should get into mischief. Well, well; I've never known him to tell a lie. And that reminds me. What has become of my friend the butcher boy.

The postman complains of me. Policeman says he can't do anything until I bite. Of course not. The housemaid (who seems to know the constable) chimes in. They are having quite a row about it. The discussion is closed by MARY finishing the steps of No. 34, and slamming the door. This gives me an opportunity for a good

sharp bark. The policeman looks at me, and I am off.

Clocks strikes. Surely this should be his time. Yes, there he goes on the other side of the road. Look round stealthily. My young friend is whistling, as usual. I'll teach him to whistle! He gets off his cart-tricycle and prepares to take out the mutton chops and round of beef for No. 76. . . . Bravo! And I have got a bit of the cloth! He shouts. I run for my life. But it's no good. For here comes the policeman. Well, what if I did bite him. It's no business of mine.

The policeman seizes me by the collar. What's he going to do? Oh, I see! Bless the L. C. C. They are always so thoughtful. The constable lets me go, as he's got my owner's name and address!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Philosophic Bard writes to his not too juvenile Lady-love on the subject of the thaw, which she has bitterly deplored in a letter to him.

THE snow has gone, the frost has fled,
And you regret the wintry scene.
Do you rejoice in things half-dead,
Or love the tree no longer green?
Are ice-blooms on the window-pane
Fairer to you than buds in Spring,
And must an Arctic Summer reign
To make the flowers that you sing?

Let NANSEN tell of mystic spell
That led him to the cheerless North.
For me the never-frozen well

Whence Love and Laughter bubble forth!
The fount that in a sunny land
Knows not that biting bitter breath,
Nor feels the unrelenting hand
Of him who binds the sea with death.

You state that when you saw the snow
Trickle away in myriad tears,
You wept, the while you did not know
The meaning of your foolish fears.
You say you thought—indeed were sure—
You loved the earth so fair and white,
And mourned the passing of the pure
Into the dismal drip of night.

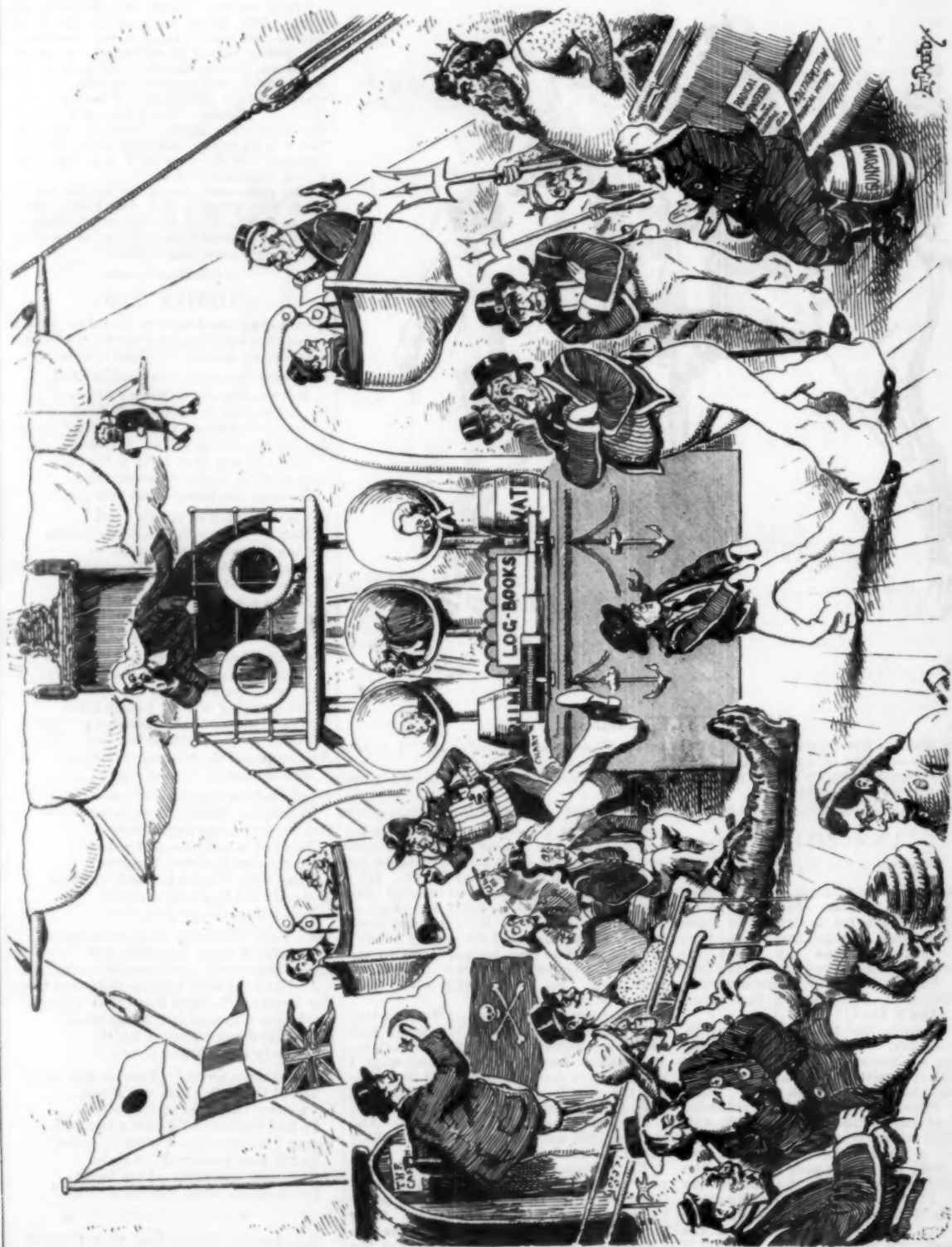
I quite believe this morbid craze
Of turning Nature's love to hate;
But surely on this day of daze
You had a bidding-call to skate?
I say "a day of daze" because
Your turn of mind is much too true;
You only list to Fashion's laws.
You were invited—I was too.

Yes! Lady WRINKER bade me come—
You didn't know this little fact—
Indeed she wrote, "Do keep it 'mum,'
And look on with your well-known tact.
For FLORRIE"—need I say that 's you?
"Expects to meet her latest swain.

I hope she doesn't know I knew.
The only thing I fear is rain."

The rain came down! Your Acmes failed
To cut the figure that you hoped.
No wonder that your spirit railed
To find the lake with care was roped.
Young Thingummy—I trust he called
To tell how cruel was his state.
He's young and curly; I am bald;
But I can do what you can't—wait!

SUGGESTIVE NAME FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE AT WALTHAMSTOW.—
MOUNTAIN DEWAR.



A NAUTICAL PARLIAMENT!

(As CAP'TEN TANNY B.W.L.'S WOULD PREFER TO SEE IT.)

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 1.

—Universal regret to-night at news flashed from the Border country that GEORGE TREVELYAN will sit among us no more. "At the age of sixty-five, and after forty-two years of laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. The retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life. I should, perhaps, add that I am at present, and mean for a short time to be, engaged on a special matter which occupies me closely."

No, no. Of course that's what Mr. G. wrote to "My dear GRANVILLE" more than twenty-two years ago, on eve of epoch in career that would of itself have made fame of any man. GEORGE TREVELYAN not sixty yet; been only thirty years in public life. Circumstances otherwise so similar, even to "special matter" on hand in TREVELYAN's study, that I for moment mixed up things.

Since TREVELYAN, having, for conscience' sake, separated himself, on Home Rule question, from his old leader and the Party in which he was born, and performed the more heroic act of returning to the fold, he has been object of especial obloquy in certain quarters of House. Could understand a man moved by conscience making one sacrifice. But being thereby fortuitously landed amid circumstances of great prosperity, in a land flowing with milk and honey, where judgeships grow like brambles, Privy Councillorships paved the pathways, and first pick was had of places in the Ministry—how, in such circumstances, a politician should be troubled by further twinges of conscience, passed the understanding of simple-minded men. So, when TREVELYAN rose to speak, they howled at him, openly jeered, or ostentatiously conversed.

That is over now with his Parliamentary career. The bitterest partisan recognises in him an honest man, supersensitively honest if you will; of chivalrous spirit; of a courage that did not fear the assassin's knife in Dublin, nor the Irish Member's tongue at Westminster; a man who invested political controversy with the fine flavour of literature and the grace of gentlemanhood. GEORGE TREVELYAN is a born literary man. From a sense of duty he became a trained politician, and for thirty years has served the public in Parliament and on the platform. His real delight was in books; his home the library. In the triumphs and disappointments of an active political career

His heart untravelling fondly turned to home. Now he has entered it and closed the doors, presently to emerge, all the world hopes, with a newly written book of his own.

First night of new piece at Westminster Theatre Royal. The Education Bill: a serious drama, in three acts. These not named. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD suggests—Act I., Introduction; Act II., Amendment; Act III., Withdrawal. That a matter on the knees of the gods. (I don't mean in the gallery.)

Meanwhile, no doubt about success of



THE OLD WHIP!

Sir W-ll-m H-r-t D-ke (to Mr. M-cl-n and others). "Minds of your own," indeed, never heard of such a thing! Egad, Sir, I'd make some of yer come to heel if I had my way!"

the little farce which, in accordance with old tradition, preceded the drama. A one-man part, played by JOHN O' GORST. He is still Minister of Education, you know, and should, in ordinary circumstances, have had charge of the Government Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR thinks he will do it better, or at least safer. So Vice-President of the Council roots out of pigeon-holes of office a minute measure staggering under the title "A Bill to annul an Order in Council confirming a scheme relating to the Foundation known as the Berriew School." Just before PRINCE ARTHUR rose to explain the Education Bill, JOHN O' GORST, after gruesomely posing for a moment at the Bar awaiting the SPEAKER's signal to advance, solemnly marches up floor, carefully "bringing in" this infant scheme.

"What's the name of the school?" PRINCE ARTHUR asked him when he resumed seat on the Treasury Bench.

"Berriew," said JOHN O' GORST, in funeral, almost sepulchral voice.

"Bury you," mused PRINCE ARTHUR, vainly repressing a shudder. "I hope

that's not the proper pronunciation of the word. It would be a little ominous."

Business done.—Education Bill introduced in Committee of Ways and Means.

Tuesday.—Listening to BILLY DYKE just now discoursing on men and things, the Education Bill, the revolt below the gangway, the iniquity of insubordination and the right divine of gentlemen on the Treasury Bench, one sighs to think of the long silence imposed on this eloquent, persuasive tongue, when tied and bound by the leashes of the Whip. There is general feeling in House that DYKE has been badly done to. He bore the heat and burden of many days merged in all-night sittings. In office or in Opposition he was always at his post, adding to the essential qualities of a man of business the charm, inestimable in a Whip, of personal popularity. When, in 1895, his Party came into power with a thundering majority and the certainty of long possession of office, the old Whip—old in experience, young in years as statesmen go—was, so to speak, hung up in the harness-room. Situation made all the more bitter by seeing pro-

moted to pleasing office obscure men, who not only had not served the Party, but, when DYKE was drudging in the Whips' Room, did their level best to upset the coach.

Some noble souls thus smitten stride below the gangway, and there nurse their wrath to keep it warm. Of finer, truer metal, BILLY DYKE has shown no sign of the resentment others feel for him. Here he is to-night coming to help of Government in nasty circumstances, warning recalcitrants below gangway of the danger of the course they have embarked upon, and, whilst hinting at possibilities of improvement in Education Bill, declaring that he for one will stand by Ministers to the end.

"I am a Party man," he said proudly. "I have always been a Party man. I hope to live and die a Party man."

That's the stuff strong Parties are made of. The pity of it, SARK says, is that Party leaders are apt to take advantage of the loyalty of chaps like HART DYKE, and purchase with prizes that should be theirs the allegiance of shifter men.

Business done.—Education Resolutions carried by Closure.

Thursday.—There is dolour at Knightsbridge, woe in Albany Street and the sound of wailing. The hat has gone forth. The word was spoken to-day simultaneously in Lords and Commons. The Guards, or some of them, all in turn, are to go to Gibraltar. Brave men turn pale at the thought. Hearts that never beat a moment faster to the music of the cannon feebly throb. Suppose there isn't a pluckier man alive than PAUL SANDFORD, LORD METHUEN. For these twenty years past he has eagerly snuffed the battle-smoke whosoever it has arisen. Far off Bechuanaland knows the snorting of "Methuen's Horse." Its broad veldts have trembled to the tread of their irresistible onslaught. Yet to-night, METHUEN, rising in the harmless, if not necessary, House of Lords, was so unmanned by the shock, so overcome by emotion, that he actually addressed the paralyzed Peers as "Gentlemen"! Not that the case is otherwise, but the etiquette of the place demands another form of address.

When report first got wind that three battalions of the Guards were to be stationed in the Mediterranean, Albany Street and Knightsbridge were suffused with feeling of patriotic satisfaction. Naturally concluded that Malta was intended. Malta a sort of better-class Eel Pie Island set in the Blue Mediterranean, with troops of friends bound East or West looking in, with the Fleet at hand, and good company assured. Not quite the same thing as Mayfair in the season. Still, consciousness that one is serving his country, protecting the Empire, makes amends for much. But Gibraltar! Fancy leaving London in the high season to yawn through May, June, and July on a blasted rock, Society being chiefly represented by the aboriginal apes who people its caverns! Moreover than which, there is no place at Gib to manoeuvre, the men will mope; the battalion will deteriorate; and all for what? The Guards die, but never surrender. And now they're to go to Gibraltar!

One thinks of CAMPBELL's pitiful lament:

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin.

What were his metrical woes compared with those that swell, at least an inch be-



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

NO. I.—TO GET A TOSS IN A SNOWDRIFT, AND, WHILE LYING HALF-SMOTHERED, TO BE SWORN AT FOR NOT SHOUTING TO WARN THE MAN FOLLOWING YOU.

yond regulation measurement, the breast of him who shall dwell on the rock a poor Exile from Mayfair.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in in Commons.

Friday.—House listening to GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN discoursing on graveyards and other political topics of hour, apt to forget that he was one of the most brilliant men of his day at Balliol; First Class in Classics, Newdigate Prizeman, Chancellor's Prizeman for English Essay, and much else. University education doesn't count for much in our democratic days. Now Mr. G. has left us, few men are bold enough to venture on classical quotation.

A year or two ago, "MABON," it is true, addressing the House lightly dropped into the Welsh tongue. But that not quite the same thing. OSBORNE MORGAN can, I believe, talk Welsh with the pure Machynlleth accent. That he is as fully master of the Latin tongue as if he had studied it with VIRGIL in "unhappy Cremona" is proved by the little volume from the University Press PARNEW ARTHUR brought down with him to-night to study whilst HICKS-BRACH terrified SQUIRE OF MALWOOD with prospect of new expedition to Soudan.

The Welsh G. O. M. has tackled the Eclogues of VIRGIL, and, disdaining earlier expediences, has done them into English in the bard's own metre. Of course the result is uneven. So is the pathway up Snowdon and Parnassus. How charming it may be made let these three perfect lines from the fifth Eclogue testify:

Sweeter to me that song than the rising breath of the South wind,
Sweeter than music made by the wave-beaten shores of the ocean,
Sweeter than pebbly streams through rock-built valleys descending.

Plenty more like them in the volume.

Business done.—Pay up costs of last year's Soudan Expedition, and prepare for another.

THE NEW AZRAEL.

"Oh! had I but Aladdin's Lamp,
Were't only for a single day,
I'd send Yank Oil Trusts on the tramp,
Whose only care appear to pay.
A "safety lamp" is in request,
But Oil-king profits it might spoil
Were some one to devise a test
For (reasonably) "safety oil."
Cheap oil may swell the Trusts' accounts:
As to its "flash-point"—don't inquire!
Meanwhile the death-rate mounts and mounts,
From lamp explosions causing fire.
Oh! King Petroleum is a king
Whose power and wealth arrest one's breath;
But need he spread an Azrael wing
Above us like a new King Death?"

NEW NAME FOR LADIES WHO SOLICIT THE SUFFRAGE.—The Sturdy (Faithful) Beggars.

A BUY ELECTION.—Where the seat is sold.

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